

By the bestselling author of *If You Give a Mouse a Cookie* and *The Jellybeans and the Big Dance*

Laura Numeroff



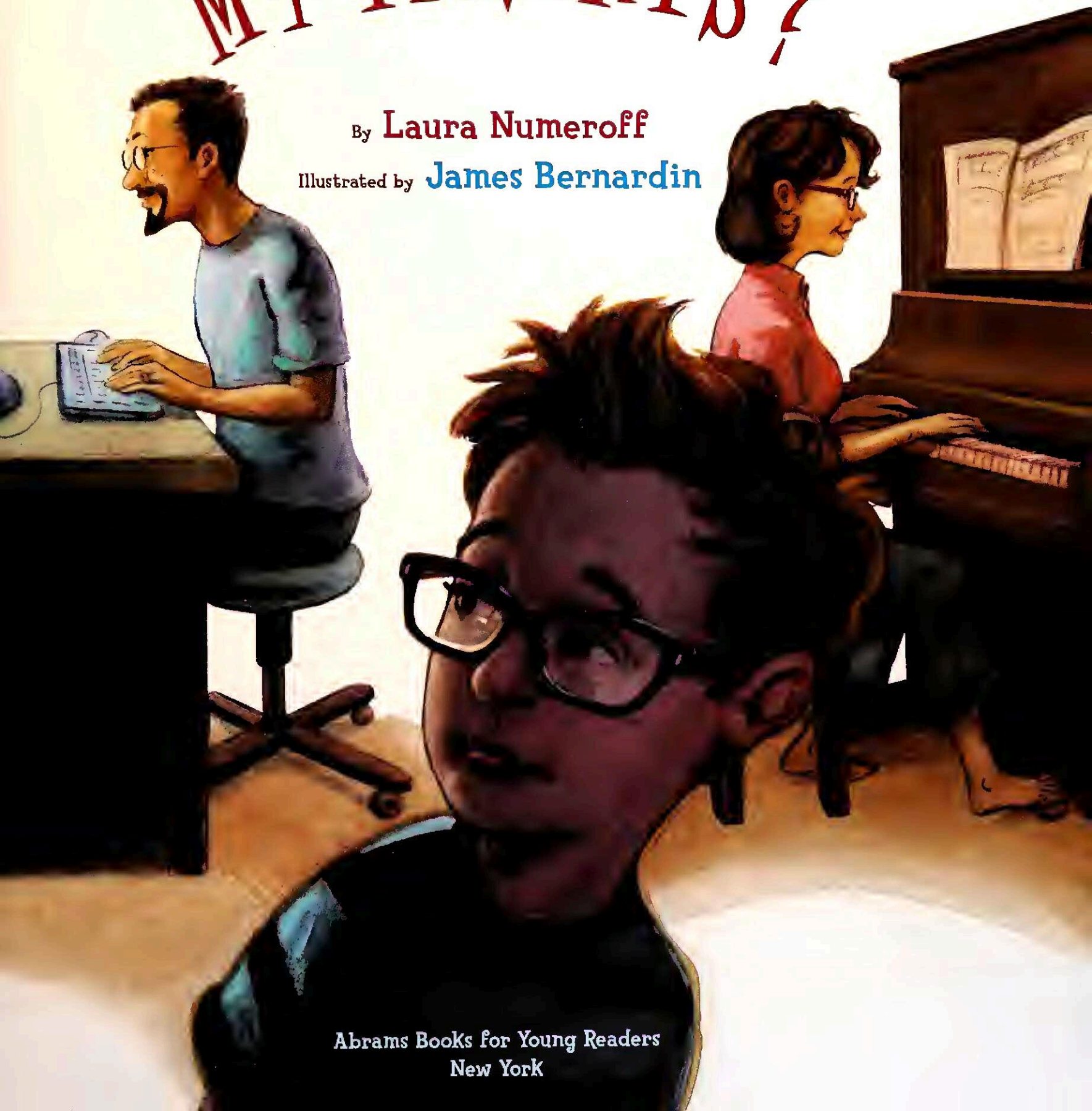
WOULD I TRADE MY PARENTS?

Illustrated by **James Bernardin**

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By **Laura Numeroff**

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and realizes that his own are the most wonderful of all.

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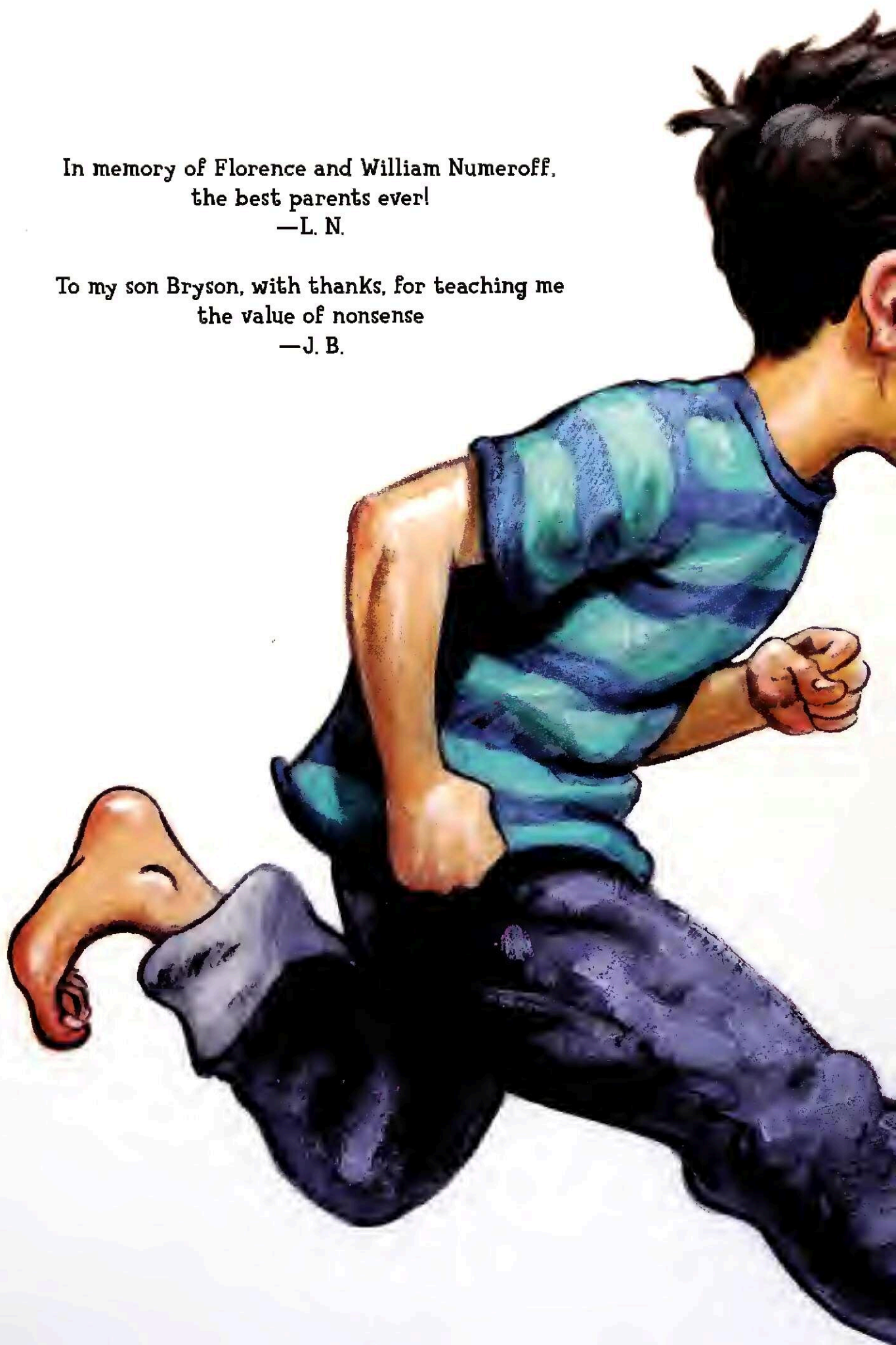
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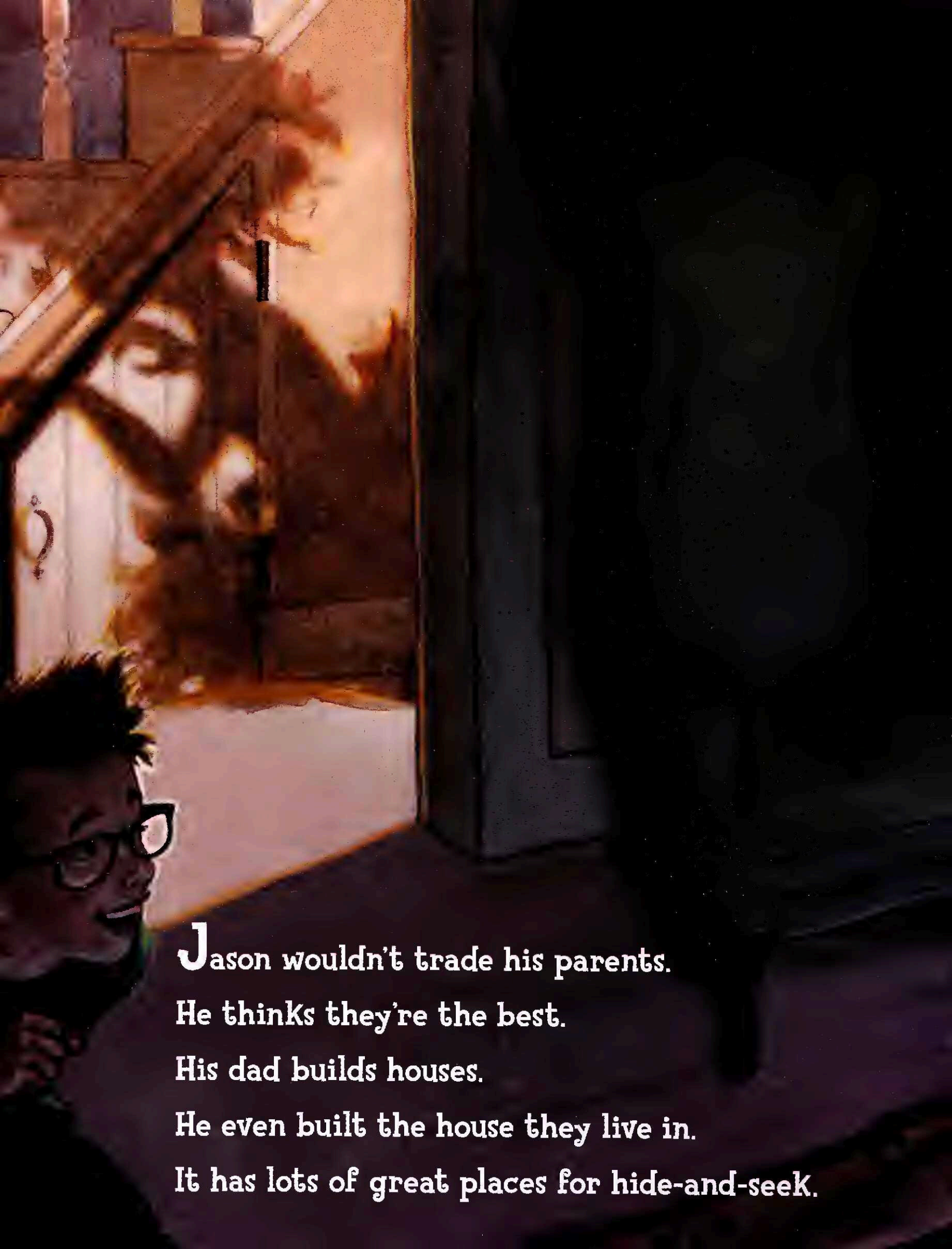
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In memory of Florence and William Numeroff,
the best parents ever!
—L. N.

To my son Bryson, with thanks, for teaching me
the value of nonsense
—J. B.





Jason wouldn't trade his parents.
He thinks they're the best.
His dad builds houses.
He even built the house they live in.
It has lots of great places for hide-and-seek.



Jason's mom stays home and takes care of his twin sisters, Sarah and Lily.

She says it's the best job in the whole world.

His parents make blueberry pancakes for breakfast.





I wish my parents made blueberry pancakes for breakfast.

Katie wouldn't trade her parents.
She thinks they're the best.
Katie's mom is a dentist.

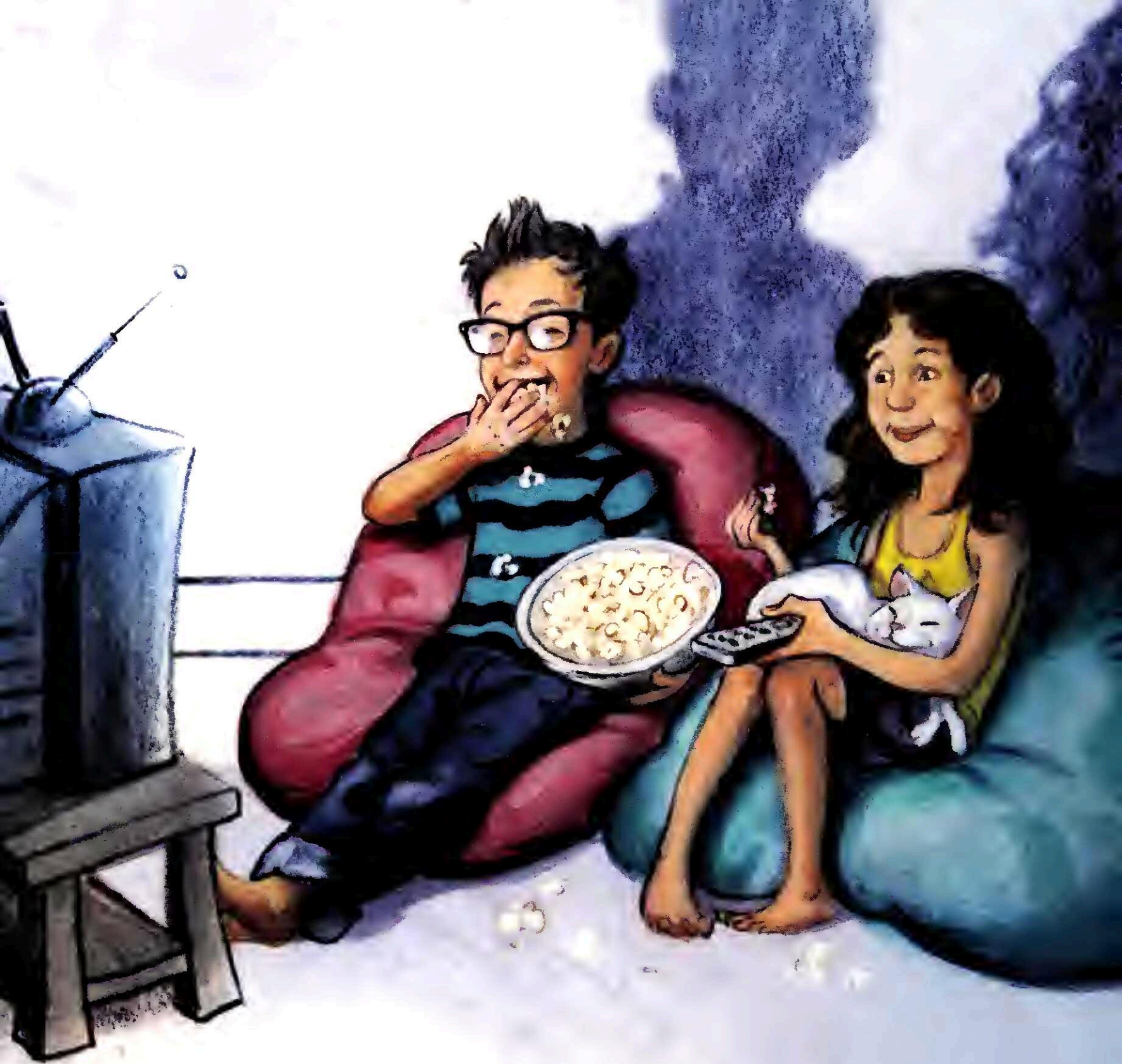


She drives a big old convertible.

Sometimes she takes us for a ride and puts
the top down.

It's neat to look up at the sky!





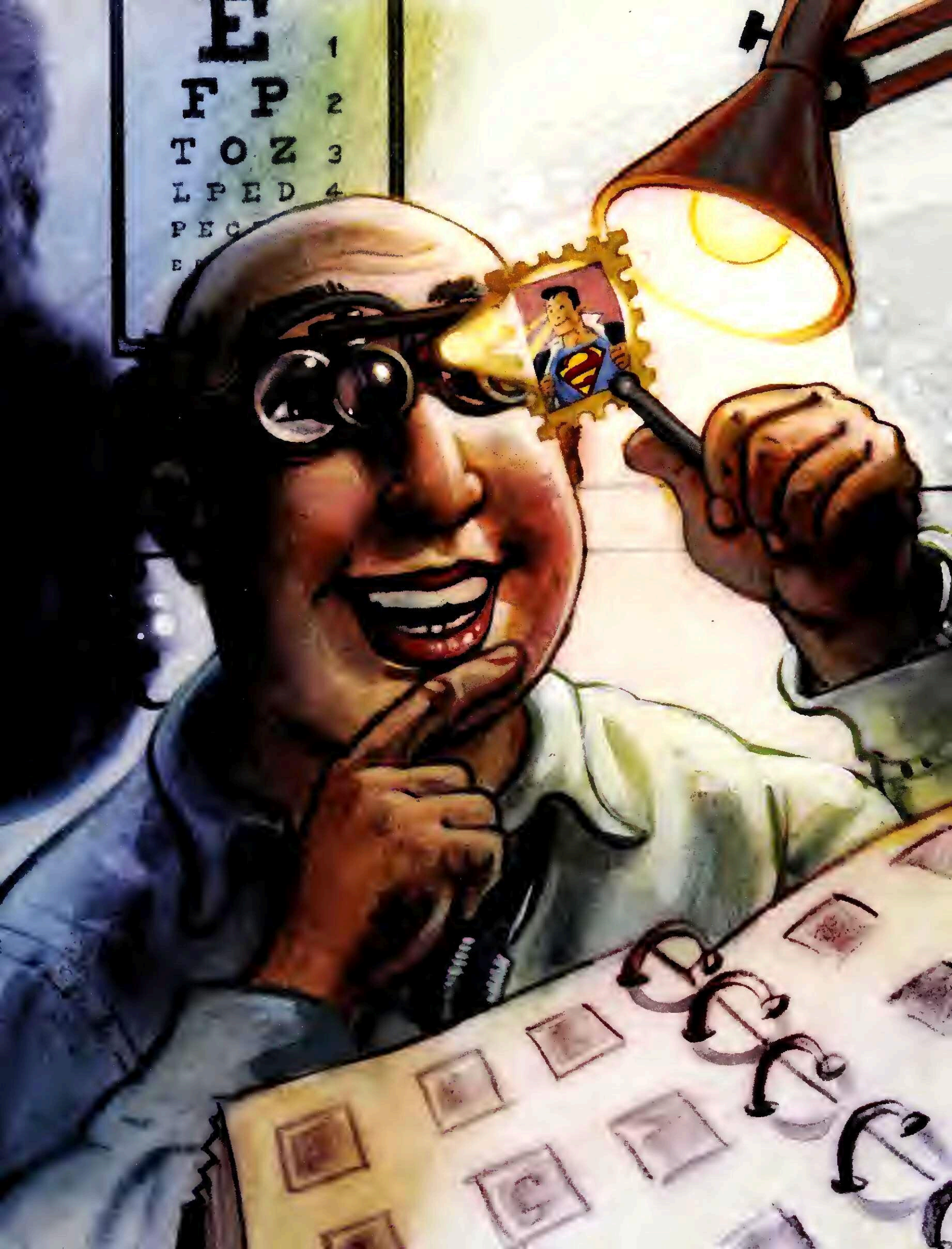
Katie's father is an eye doctor.

He has a stamp collection.

Her parents let her watch TV until eight o'clock.

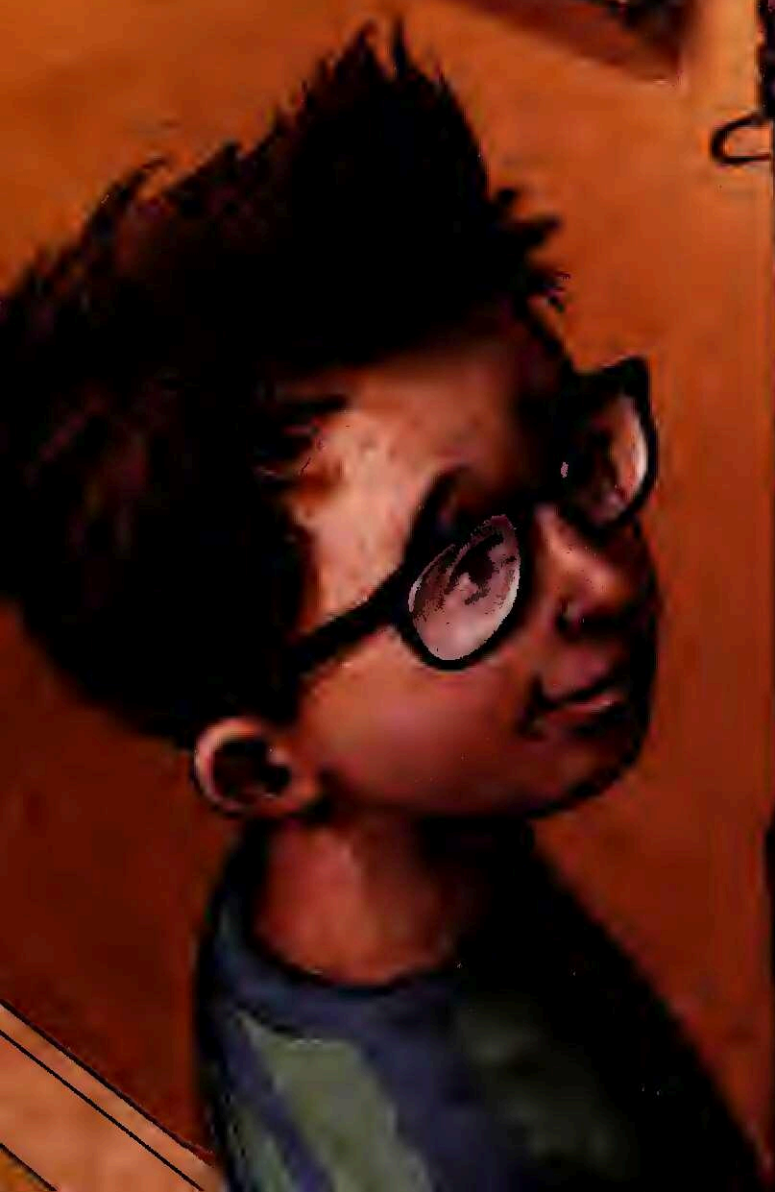
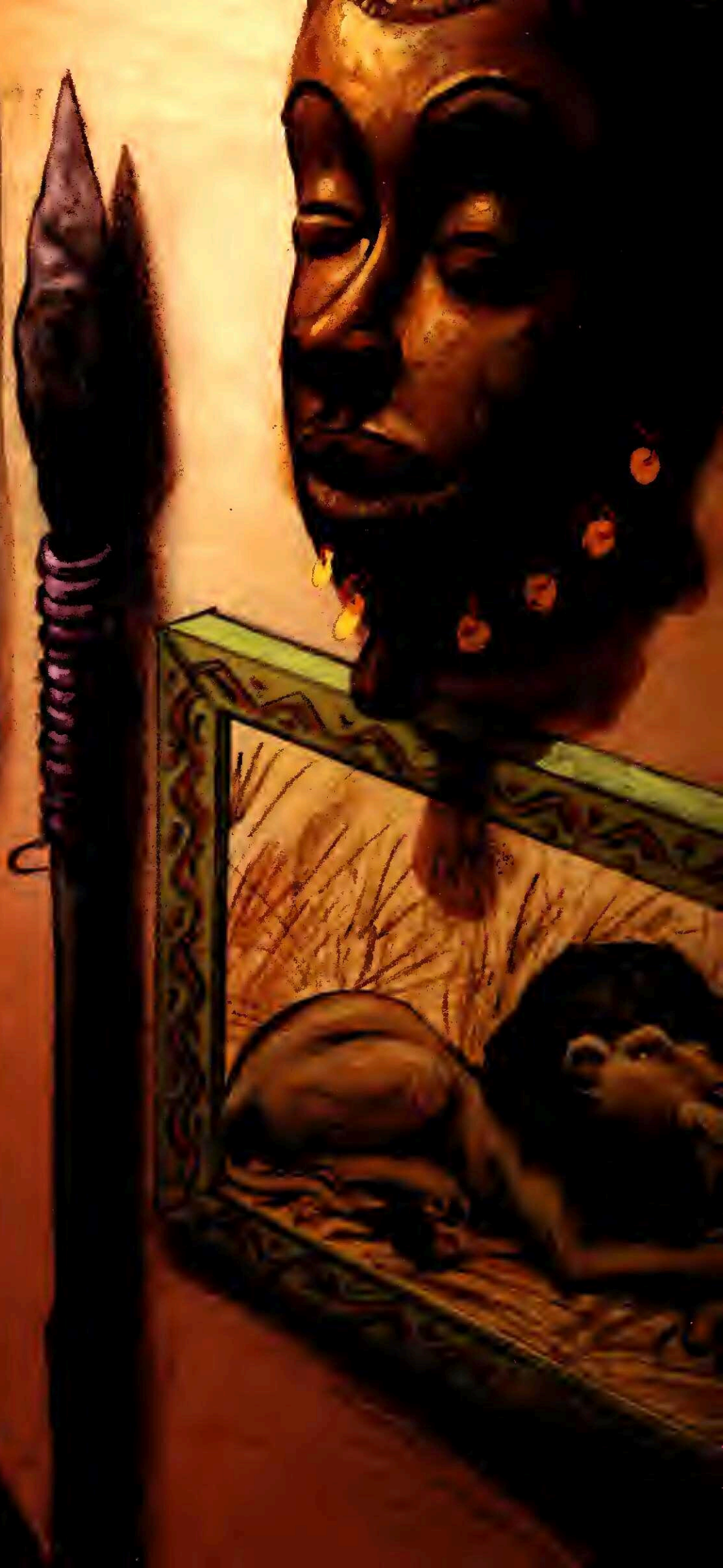
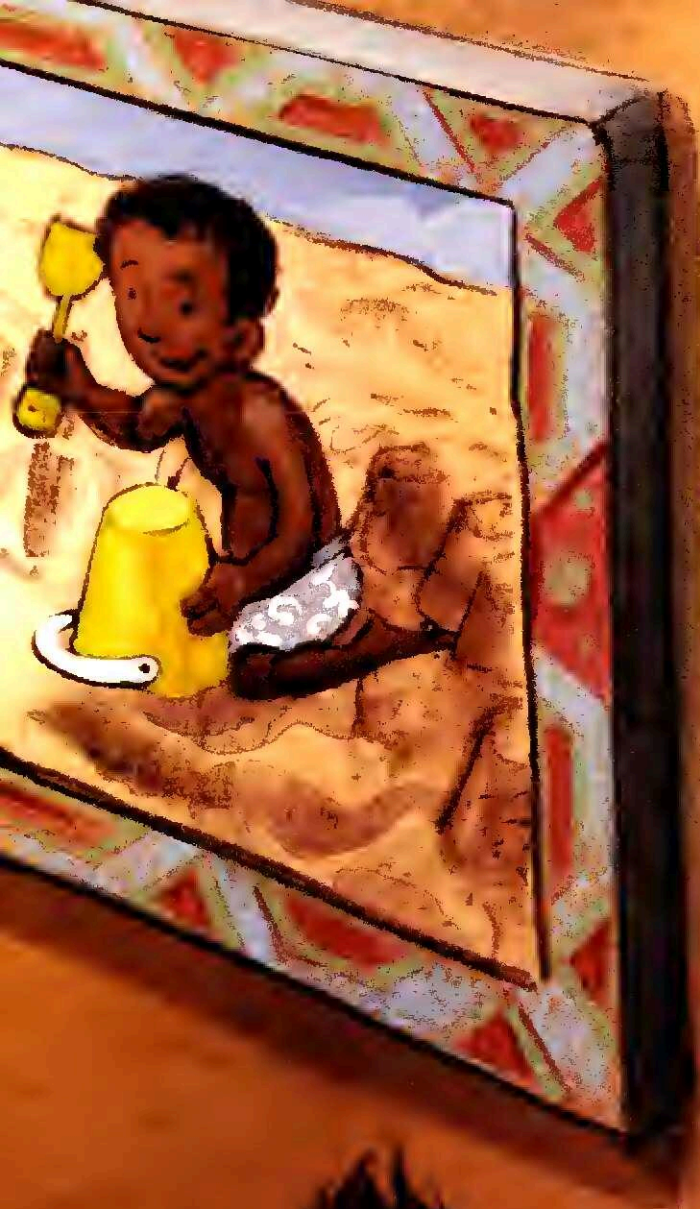
She just has to have her homework finished first.

I wish my parents let me watch TV until eight o'clock.



E 1
F P 2
T O Z 3
L P E D 4
P E C
E





Ben wouldn't trade his parents.

He thinks they're the best.

His mom is an artist.

She painted a picture of Ben.

It looks just like him!

His dad is a photographer.

He went to Africa and took lots of pictures.

They even have one of a lion.

There are paintings and photographs all over the house.

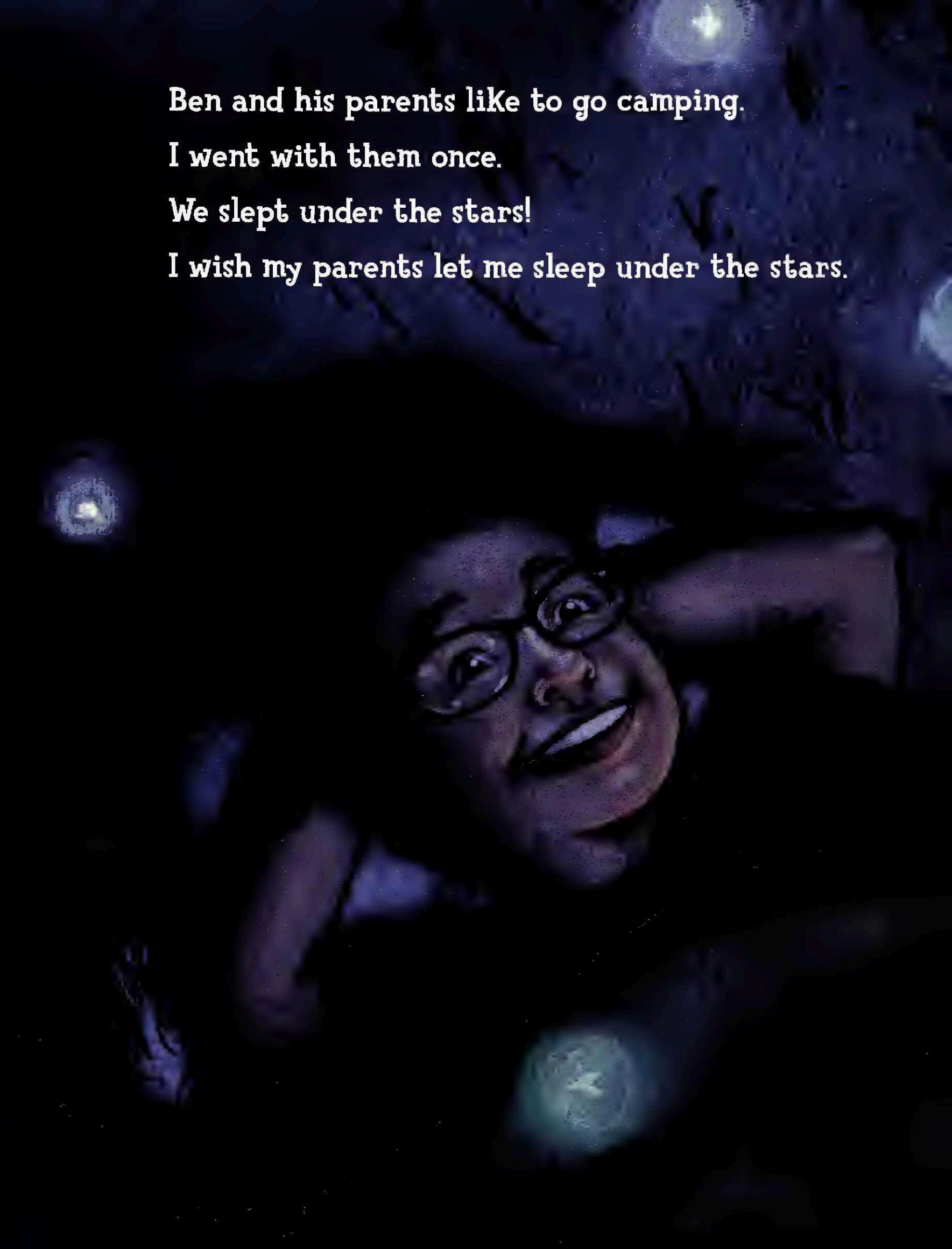


Ben and his parents like to go camping.

I went with them once.

We slept under the stars!

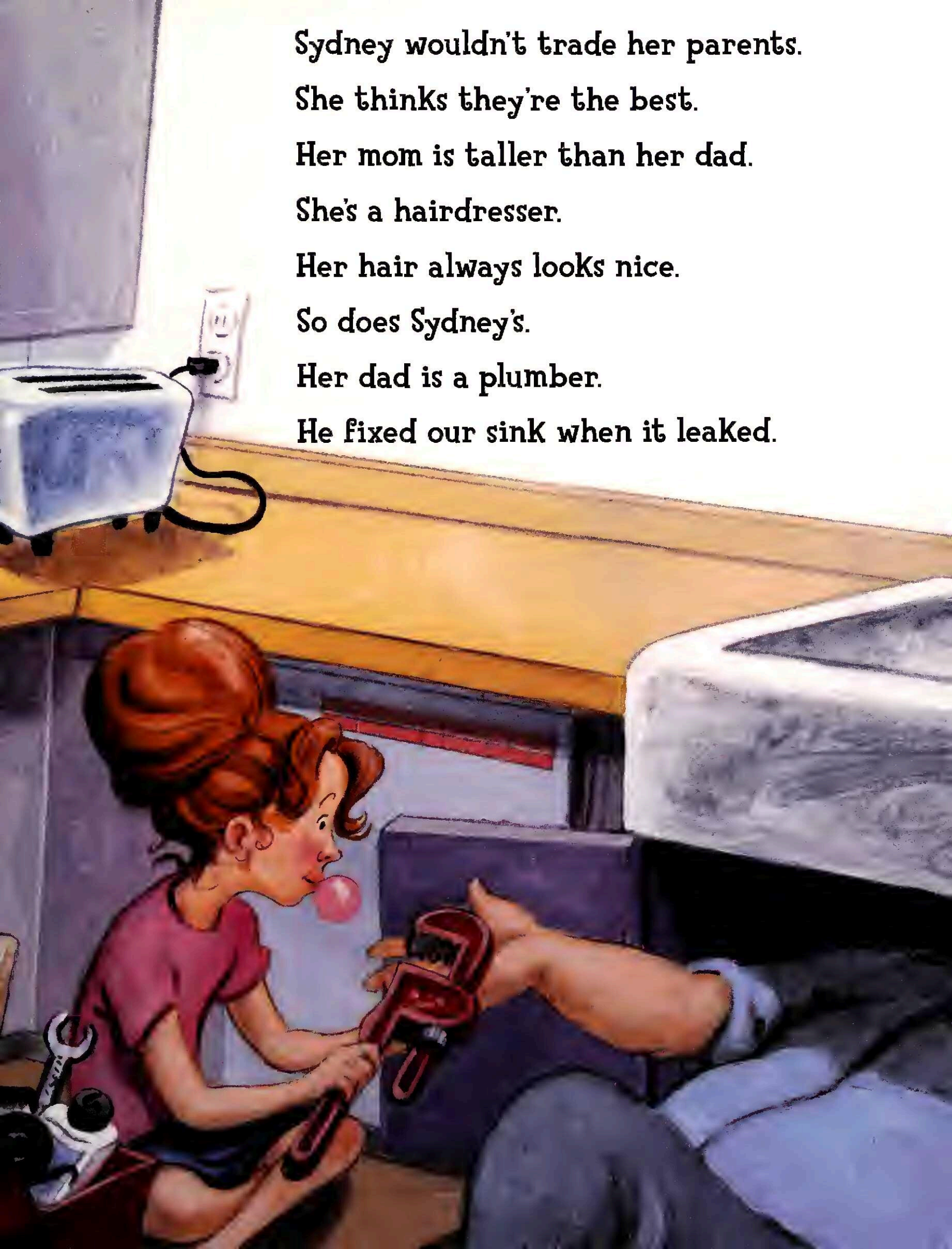
I wish my parents let me sleep under the stars.







Sydney wouldn't trade her parents.
She thinks they're the best.
Her mom is taller than her dad.
She's a hairdresser.
Her hair always looks nice.
So does Sydney's.
Her dad is a plumber.
He fixed our sink when it leaked.





At night, her parents teach square dancing
in their basement.

Sydney and I like to dance with them.



When we danced with our father while we were dancing
and couldn't stop playing.

When we all sat down to eat chocolate milk before dinner.

When we all sat down to eat chocolate milk before dinner.

William wouldn't trade his parents.

He thinks they're the best.

He lives with his mother but sees his father every weekend.

I asked if he missed having his dad around.

He said he does, but they have a great time
when they're together.







He has his own bedroom in both of their houses!
His dad does something in an office, but I'm not sure what.

His mom owns a pet shop.

William has three cats, two hamsters, some fish,
and a dog named Olive.

I wish my parents let me have a dog.



And then there are my parents . . .

My mother is a French teacher.

She taught me that “très bien” means “very good,”
and “merci” means “thank you.”

Not only is she smart, but she also tells great jokes.

She can play the piano.

Sometimes we play duets!

Whenever I feel sad, she knows just
the right thing to say.

Très bien!

Merci.





My dad is a writer.

He works at home in the den.

He writes books for grown-ups.

When I come home from school, we go for
a walk and talk about all kinds of things.

He knows a lot about nature.

He told me the names of all the different clouds.



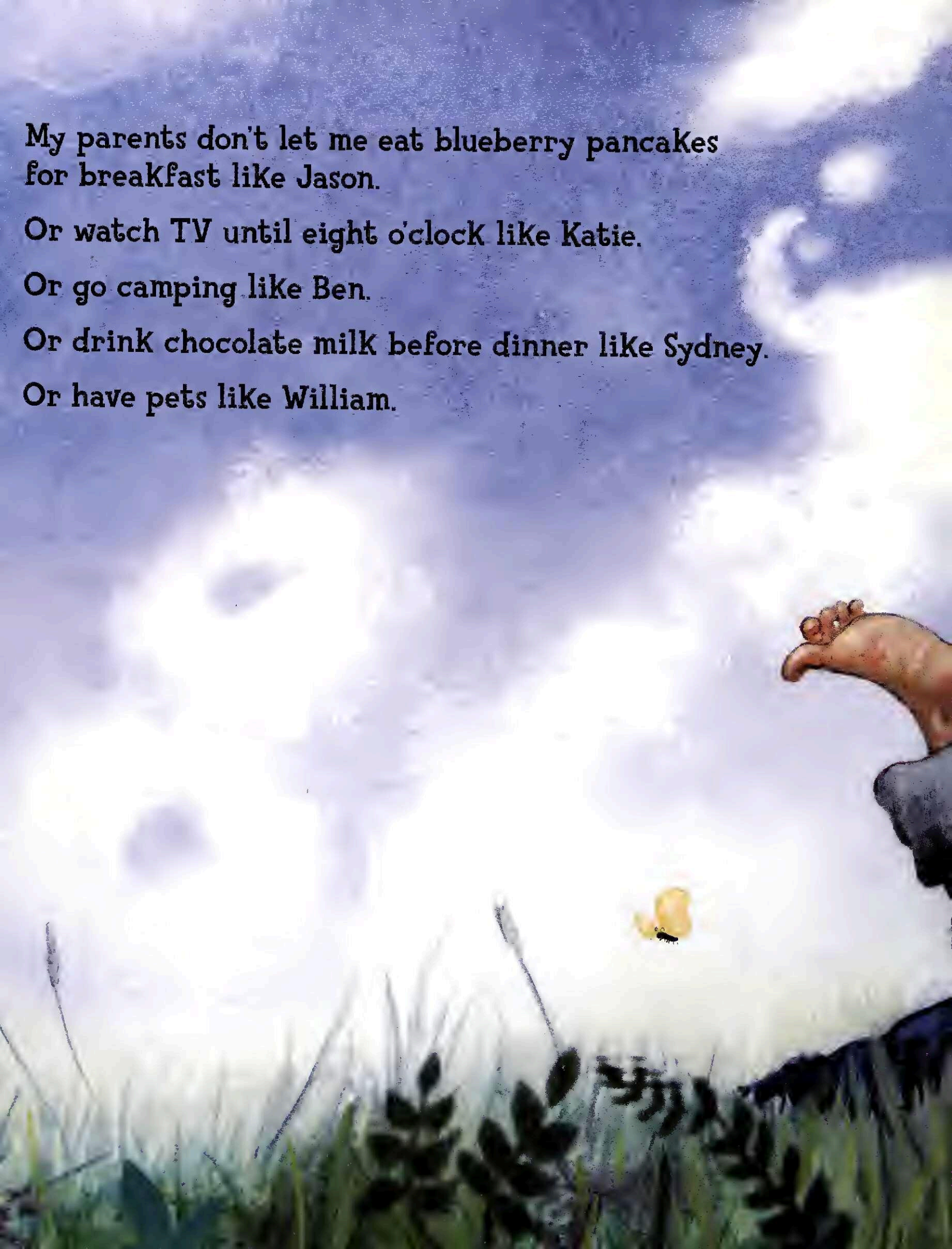
My parents don't let me eat blueberry pancakes
for breakfast like Jason.

Or watch TV until eight o'clock like Katie.

Or go camping like Ben.

Or drink chocolate milk before dinner like Sydney.

Or have pets like William.









But my mom puts a note in my lunch box every day.
And my dad reads to me every night.
And on weekends, we all go for a bicycle ride.



I wouldn't trade my parents.
I **KNOW** they're the best!



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